

A few years only have passed away since the ruined towers on which it has taken root, stood in their majestic strength, and now they lie a heap of ruins—a few centuries since the battlements were crowned with warriors, whose martial tread resounded from the parapets, and whose nodding plumes and gay pennons fluttered in the breeze, where now waves the poor Wallflower.

"Sweets of the wild, that breathe and bloom,
On this lone tower, this ivy'd wall,
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
And grace the ruin in its fall,
Tho' doom'd remote from careless eye
To smile, to flourish and to die,
In solitude sublime,
O ever may the spring renew
Your balmy scent and glowing hue,
To deck the robe of time.

"Breathe, fragrance, breathe, enrich the air,
Tho' wasted on its wing unknown;
Blow, flow'rets, blow! tho' vainly fair,
Neglected and alone;
These towers that long withstood the blast
These mossy towers are mouldering fast,
While Flora's children stay;
To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
To gild destruction with a smile,
And beautify decay."

This plant is indifferent as to situation, it flourishes in the smallest crevices between the stones of the wall, or in the garden, where it is often

planted for its agreeable perfume at an early season.

"I love thy beauty there to mark,
Thy lingering light to see,
When all is growing drear and dark,
Except the West and thee.

"For then with brightness caught from heaven
An emblem true thou art,
Of love's enduring lustre given
To cheer a lonely heart.

"Of love, whose deepest tenderest worth,
Till tried was all unknown,
Which owes to sympathy its birth,
And seeketh not its own.

"But by its self abandonment,
When cares and griefs appal,
Appears as if from Heaven 'twere sent
To compensate for all."

BARTON.

Modern poets have not been backward in acknowledging the merits of this beautiful and fragrant flower, and nearly all touch upon the tenacity with which it clings to old buildings, and therefore appropriately made it the emblem of "Friendship in adversity," since the devastations of time that overthrows the structures cannot drive the flower from its ruins.